

No. 19, May 65: 2/-

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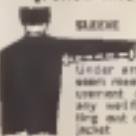
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Round chest:  
from shoulder  
blade to  
over shoulder blades.



**WAIST**  
Under arm  
waist measure-  
ment of  
any well fit-  
ting vest or  
jacket.



**LENGTH**  
Length of  
jacket from  
center back  
shoulder to  
the edge of  
jacket.



**WAIST**  
Measure  
waist. The  
waistline  
without belt.



**LENGTH**  
Down inside  
seam from  
crotch to  
bottom of  
collar inside  
bust 180

**SHIRT SIZE**  
Neck

# Where is he now?

ARRIVAL OF MR. J. R. DARLING

HEAD OF GEELONG GRAMMAR.

Public School Boys in Business.

Mr. J. R. Darling, who has been appointed head master of the Geelong Grammar School, Crows, is successor to Dr F. E. Brown, removed to Melbourne by the Adelphi trustees yesterday. He left the Ontario at Adelaide in order to have an additional day with Dr Brown at Crows before the term began on Wednesday. Mr. Darling is tall and sturdy built, and there is a remarkable likeness between his features and those of Dr Brown. He was educated at Repton School and Oriel College (Oxford), and was recently senior history master at Charterhouse. He is aged only 30 years, and before going to Oxford he served in France with a company in the Royal Field Artillery. Early last year Mr. Darling was in charge of the English public schools' tour of New Zealand.

Mr. Darling said yesterday that he was interested in the expansion of such tours as a means of strengthening the bonds of Empire. "That tour," he said, "impressed upon me that there was much more than was British in Australia than there was Australian in Britain, and that Australia had a unique opportunity of development because it could avoid making the mistakes Britain had made while holding fast to the incomparable British virtues. If intelligence is the capacity to profit by past experience, then Australia has a marvellous chance of exhibiting intelligence."

"I am going to be very interested," he said, "in the cultural, literary, social side of the school, as the educational, as well as the academic side. I am interested to hear of the work of the literary and debating society, the musical and artistic activities at the school, and the publication of the magazine 'The'. It is always good to find schools writing poetry. Of course it was necessarily to author 'vulgarise'."



staff usually, but it is moreover, that is all that is really important. With schools the usual tendency is to imagine that good poetry consists in using complicated words and being generally obscure, instead of realising that all that matters is that one should feel something deeply, "see" it clearly, and put it down in the simplest and most truthful manner. I think Expert Books is the ideal schools' poet. His is an splendidly normal, as truly in love with life, as utterly and beautifully different from what might be called a professional poet like Stevenson."

Mr. Darling said that it was pleasing to notice that in Britain the management of many important business houses were tending to give preference to old public school boys in making appointments. "I understand the same tendency can be seen here," he added. "I do not like to see boys leaving school for commercial reasons before the normal age of about 30 years. That time is the most rapidly impressionable phase of their development. Business men are realising that these two or three additional years when boys gain experience in leadership in various ways are extremely important, even from an entirely commercial point of view, and also that a public school training is much more than a mere hallmark."

AGE'S PEG; 1930

BEST PEGS, MELBOURNE, MAY 3, 1935

the people. Mr. Aitkin's forceful campaign made full use of the tide against Labor. It appealed especially to young people frustrated by the fuddy-duddy, slow-moving attitudes of a government dug-in for more than 20 years.

But the vote is plainly against the old-fashioned, unimaginative, bureaucratic pattern of Labor administration he was unable to shift. It is a vote against petty tyranny and muddle in transport, rents, shopping hours and Sunday entertainment.

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BEST PEGS, MELBOURNE, APRIL 29, 1935

So on his record, Mr. Renshaw deserves a full term as Premier.

Besides his temperate platform that of Mr. Aitkin, who retains fresh optimism at every wheelie-stop, appears somewhat hysterical.

However it is not Mr. Aitkin's failings but Mr. Renshaw's virtues which should influence voters tomorrow.

We believe there is every indication that, if given a mandate, Mr. Renshaw will streamline administration, get rid of dead wood in his cabinet, and introduce brighter, more vigorous and more imaginative men. In short, we believe that his re-election will ensure continued and even greater prosperity for this great State of ours.

Sir,

Soon the Lyceum Theatre will be rebuilt, and soon we shall be able to go along once more to their "Pleasant Sunday Afternoons" — a jolly potpourri of prayer and play. Perhaps a short reading from the writings of John Wesley

It is not generally realized that Wesley cured all of the body as well as all of the soul, and that some of his cures, like some of his dogmas, were really wry, wry owl! I am the proud owner of a little book, published in 1863 and inherited from my paternal grandmother. It is called "Consult Me On All You Want to Know" and offers interesting solutions to ever-screwing problems.

Lake has marked twelve scrip-powders for pains in the breast, and a unique set of abdominal and anal exercises for constipation. Also cure for certain disorders caused by "an excess of water".

John Wesley refers two pages for his interesting cures for consumption.

On, drink decoys under two spoonsfuls of juice of water-cress. This has cured a deep consumption. This has cured a deep consumption. In the last stage, such a healthy weapon daily. This has cured my asthma. For diet, use milk and apples, or water-grass made with fine-thin British cider-whey, barley water, sharpened with honey-jelly, or apple water. So long as the drinking enough continues, there will, and continue a monthful or two of a bloodlet as sort of blood twice-a-day. If you cannot swallow it spit it out. This will always shorten the fit and would often prevent a consumption.

—John Wesley.

Now ten years since his dear aged father, in the last stage of consumption, taking up its hat, eagerly grasping down his medicine.

John Meredith,

7 Argus Street,  
Miller's Point, N.S.W.



# All About OZ

EDITORS: Richard Neville, Richard Waite.

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\* OZ pays contributors. Articles should be typed. They do not necessarily have to be signed. Send manuscripts or artwork to the above addresses. A \$1000 reward is offered for information leading to the capture of the kidnappers of OZ. OZ subscriptions are \$5.00 per year. Back copies are still available for £1-. Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 have sold out.

## FOLK WORKSHOP/SONG-SWAP

Non-professionals wanted for informal end; for the time, non-public sessions. Sing in tune (local) and interest only requirements. Also folk fiddlers, guitar, mandolin, accordion, banjo, autoharp, didgeridoo, etc. Ring 31-8325 for further details.

Michael Ball

Council for Civil Liberties and the Freedom to Read Association are appearing for funds for the defense of "The Trial of Lady Chatterley" in Victoria. Donations to R. Hobson, Economics Department, University of Sydney, Sydney.

## For the thrills of night trotting come to Harold Park Paceway

You've all seen "Junkies" on TV films — well some of our trotters are confirmed drug addicts, too. You'll admire the spirit of friendly co-operation amongst owners and drivers. None of this senseless competition you find in some sports.

Of course sometimes one of the fellows jumps out of line and tries to win when it's not his turn, but we know how to deal with that.

The bookmakers are happy to take your money, delighted in fact, and many of them pay out quite large sums, too, to a few lucky winners.

Incidentally refreshments are provided for the public at standards which would satisfy even the most discerning patres of a Rutherford Refreshment Room.

—John Brown

## LONDON DERRIERE

And Other British Encounters



STRICTLY FOR LAUGHS . . . MARCI and me featured "PARTY" Monday 19 April. Come — from the U.S.A.

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LONDON DERRIERE

And Other British Encounters

1000	1000
1000	1000
1000	1000
1000	1000
1000	1000

# NOW is the best time to join the Australian Army



"War is a hell of a ball," shout the men of the First Battalion. Now is the best time of all to join Australia's new army. Just look at these unsolicited testimonials from the *See-Herald* (May 2nd):

"Troops of the 1st Battalion Royal Australian Regiment 'can't get to Vietnam quick enough'.

"This is what we joined the Army for," they told me when I spent Friday—the "day of the announcement"—with them at Gallipoli Barracks Holsworthy Camp, near Liverpool. You could feel the excitement rippling through the camp.

"Friday might have been an ordinary training day—there were troops marching, troops pulling down mortars, troops firing rifles and machine-guns. And despite a ban on Press interview their high spirits were irrepressible.

"You'd be amazed at the lift in morale since the announcement this morning," said a be-smirked senior N.C.O.

"Now they know they are going overseas to fight, there's a new snap to their every movement." The troops say the same thing.

"This is what I joined the Army for—to go overseas and fight. I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO IT."

. . . and we're looking forward to having you.

Take their advice . . . you'll get a free trip to exciting, cosmopolitan, historical Vietnam.

You too can witness scenes of horror that inspired artists like Goya.

You too can be photographed committing war atrocities . . . imagine YOU torturing a Viet Cong guerilla in the family album.



And remember,  
**GOD'S**  
on our side



*A Scenario of*

# THE GREAT STRINE FILM

Opening shot Harbours Bridge, pan to Matilda's room in to Len Trench (played by Murray Rose) talking to his favorite Matilda (played by Dawn Fraser). It is Anzac Day now, they are just returning from the Coogee and Non-denominational Service. Len is talking to Matilda about his convict great grandfather, his great great grandfather (who was on the right side of the Eureka Stockade) and grandfather (who almost died at Gallipoli).

Scene two at Tamango Park. Len and Matilda holding hands beside a kangaroo pen. (Kangaroo in foreground played by Midget Family). Len: "Let's go to meet my folks Matilda."

They hop in a van (driven by Ben

family). "Matilda, I'd like you to meet Dad (played by Chas Rafferty), Dave (played by Russell Dwykale) and My Brother Jack, he's a sensational blake (played by Donald Horne)." Dad orders another round of ale from the barman (played by J. T. Lang).

Scene four. They go for a picnic in the bush (close-up of two koalas eating leaves, played by Les Tanner and Leonard Terle). Len and his brother Jack, Dave and Dad play football. A Lyelland comes up and tries to ravish Matilda. She breaks its neck with a poker worked boomerang — only to find it is a Vienese Rolo (played by Gordon Chaney).

Bushfire starts and stampede occurs scene. Some of the Trench family and Matilda hunting out fires with a dead wallaby (Bobby Humphries). The fire out — Len says "It looks like rain." Dad says "It rarely does. I wouldn't mind a drink." Calls of "Cooee cooee" and "Walking Matilda" come through the smoke. Joss Sutherland staggers out of smoking bush with an oily full of Milkin New slung over her back — celebrating el reead, mouth quaffing of grog. They all put out. A swagman creeps up (Rolf Harris) and kidnaps the drunken Matilda, shoving her in his rucksack with glee. "You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me!" And so they sit off down the Birdsville Track towards the Tropicadero — suddenly Ned Kelly (Sid Nolan) sides out and beats everyone to death with a sheet of mosquito net and carries Matilda off. Cut to Bob and Bob (Robert Helpmann and Patrick White)

and break the news of Matilda kidnaping (all are surprised). "I thought she was powderring her nose." Meanwhile, Matilda held prisoner at a blacks' camp in the shade of Ayres Rock (Blacks played by Charles Perkins, Kath Walker and Hal Lashwood).

Cut to Bondi Beach. It is three years



later. Len Trench is a lifeguard. Bondi Lifesavers are marching past for the competition (The Duke of Edinburgh played by Lord De L'Isle). HORROR! Len breaks ankles with a cap of STRENGTH and ploughs into the thin during surf. With his bare hands he kills a huge shark (Knopfelsucher).

Milkin) and drive to Bondi.

Scene three in Sofitel pub. They quaff a few ale and waltz to an old 78 of Melba singing "The Man from Snowy River". The swinging doors burst open and in strides the Trench

drag Tugger Touchwood (played by Martin West) from my grove and bring her into the beach, the crowd roars: "Honney for Lu, he's a horse's ass." He is knighted on the spot. Tugger Touchwood (now played by Eric O'Hara for close-ups) grants Sir Lu three wishes.

He wishes silently and to himself. At that moment he was the Open House Lottery, a premier Holden appears on the beach and suddenly a huge Woombah-shaped bank of Ayres Rock lands in the air just off Ben Buckley. (The late Sir Robert Menzies). Once more Lu plunges into the sand, swimming towards the Rock, ploughing through the sewage. (Archbishop Goag). He takes a belt out his round rock, hand over hand they drag it in. Lu and Manda murmur once more.

Cut to Waynede Chapel, Kangaroo Creek. Lu in Matilda a lonely brade — indignant — on their way to the Paddington R.S.L. vs Lane cover Premier Holders. They are isolated just opposite the Rushcutters Bowl by the relatives of the late Vincente Rebbi Lyrebird (relatives played by Zell Rubin, etc.). Three weeks of bitter fighting.

The lead is ended by the intervention of 7,000 US troops led by L.J.B. (Sir Robert Menzies) backed by a battalion of Australian troops drawn from the Metropolitan Leagues Club, the Balmain R.S.L., The National Trust and the Elstreelian Trust. Peace is restored. The Referees are bashed about the Park.



sky and sent G.O.D. to Head Island.

Cut to Paddington Hall, where the married couple, as with one voice, join together to sing "Adelaide Australia Fair" and a Queensland Blue Cattle dog (Dally Dyer) utters "My Country".

During the festivities Sir Leslie and Lady Trunch slip away to Surfers for their long delayed honeymoon.

Cut to Knockham's swallowings make (consummation of the marriage).

Ripple dissolve to billabong — wattle falling. Peals from the words "And they lived happily ever after."

THE END

# Elizabeth Shepherd talks to OZ



In December last year the Sydney pre-Christmas rush was enlivened by the revelations that the Speaker in the NSW Legislative Assembly, Mr. Roy Maher, was to be charged with indecent exposure. Later, at a magistrate's hearing, Mr. Maher was committed to trial and he is due to come before the Court at the end of this month.

The central figure in these proceedings was Miss Elizabeth Shepherd, Parliamentary emeritus (alias typist), who alleged that her job at Parliament House terminated after she refused to accede to certain "indecent suggestions" made to her by the former Speaker.

In this interview Miss Shepherd gives her impressions of Parliament House employment. Just for the record and those readers who don't believe anything they read in OZ, this is the Miss Shepherd and a real interview.

How long were you working at Parliament House altogether?

Four months and I was sorry to leave to go. The girls don't want work there until 10 and they finish up at 4.30 or 4.45. The pay is \$38 a week to start with. There's no special award on rates and they even have these special little sections in the Public Service Association.

Whatever else I might think of them, politicians are pretty good employers. When my father died last year, he fell ill on the Sunday and died on the following Tuesday. I asked for the Monday off for his funeral and they told me I could take the rest of the week off.

The girls have a pension of \$100 and their own private liquor supply. They're not paid overtime but the milk lease is very good. A half hour of the first morning and afternoon tea, no time for lunch, just one additional offer with an electric fire, your own radiator, locker, carpet and choice of electric light or fluorescent. They were in the process of changing my room over to fluorescent when I finally left; that's what

I took a swell in Sydney latterly  
To check a chick called Lucy  
Chatterley  
But to my extreme despair  
I witnessed rights of utter law  
Like a flock of tiny black birds  
All screaming out four-letter words  
I must admit I cannot be very  
angry  
About the morals of the angry  
penguins.

—DAVID ERSKINE

the girl who took my place liked.

Each girl has four members whom she works for. I worked mainly for Mr. Waddy and Mr. Dalton, other girls when none of the girls were on holiday. Each party association is allowed to have a dressing room day. Mr. Dalton had a standard 12 o'clock appointment but Mr. Waddy would ring through about three minutes before he wanted an appointment.

The major part of the work is accepting or not accepting invitations. You get plenty used to the pattern. If a Liberal member had received an invitation from the Housing Minister he usually accepted, but if Mr. Atkins and one like accepted. And vice versa. I noticed that the Liberal members did not accept as many invitations concerning Aborigines but Mr. Dalton was very strong on Aborigines but would really go out on his way in that regard.

Of course, there was a lot of class consciousness. The Hon. Jack Lang of Kincumber had more chance of having his invitation accepted than the President of the Wool S. & F. Co. This applied as much to the Labor members as it did to the others because it was such a new thing for them.

The amount of mail members get varies considerably. Some get lots of mail and some are lucky if they get a letter a day. It depends very much on the size of the elector area. Blacktown is a big electorate with bad sewage and roads and no open-shares a lot of mail. It often depends a lot on the councils.

To most of this kind of mail there is a stock reply.

Dear Member,

Your letter has been forwarded on to the Minister concerned and I will advise you in respect of the Minister's action.

When the Minister's action comes through,

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you would forward it with a complimentary note from the member.

Even people who make absolute posts of themselves never get a rude letter. A lot of the letters have to be sent on to the Minister for Education. Particularly at the beginning of the year when the kids are being allocated to the different schools and the parents have additional claims to the Department over where they should be sent. What impression does your post of the public give you of progress?

They're very unprogressive, one day they're talking to someone and the next day there are very friendly terms. Most of them are incredibly clichéd and it's hard to find one with a really solid attitude. They get a great kick out of seeing their names in print and are always terribly busy writing out copies of their speeches in the main press and the local papers.

Most of them are trying to prove something. A lot of them come from very hard backgrounds—rarely 99% of the Labor members do. Most of them say that you do not have to do any of that correspondence, but complete it. You could give them a letter with bad grammar and bad spelling and they would say, "Oh, beautiful," and sign it without reading it.

The Labor members take parliament as a joke and some are as it fits what they can get out of it. For example every month each member receives two sheets of postage stamps. If they aren't used at the end of the month they would go down to the GPO to cash them.

They get that bigger at one point at the parliamentary breakfasts—paid for three delegations or something like that. I think the bus to open an hour in parliament is wrong. When the tall things fit a quantum or a sort, a large leader in the bar. You see men walking out of their rooms but the largest going comes from the bar.

Although some of them share rooms, they're all beautifully furnished and could be let out at \$8 a week easily. Most of them have a draw in their rooms and could easily live off the proceeds. But only about 50% have proper meals.

There's a beautiful women's room behind rooms and a fast food restaurant with extremely cheap prices—\$3.95, I think, for a three-course meal. There are changing rooms and showers of course. It's just like a club.

On the gate—if they want a packet of cigarettes—just ring up and a servant brings it up on a tray. They also bring flowers but the members are notoriously bad uppers and are paid for their increases in general.

All the Ministers have parliamentary car or drivers—assistant Food Goddess.

Finally enough of the Labor members belong to a Communist, A.W.U. or Socialist Workers Union or one of those. I don't know which they belong to.

More about the girls working?

They went their own speeches and press conferences mainly. But the girls would have to knock them into shape. Particularly the press conferences where they usually put them down to nothing in ten minutes flat. The most important speeches are written by the campaign directors and others very much in the Party headquarters. There are enough sections like the parliamentary car and the Party rooms. Flowers you usually have to help with the refreshments. Often you have to do everything for them but hide their noses.

Is there any rhyme?

Well I don't think any of the girls go very Party serious personally. But the press conferences things stand so much to keep the audience forget that they don't realize they have said something they shouldn't have. You really have to speak

fast there a lot and it's a difficult job trying to be helpful to members of two opposite sides.

Are there much antagonism between the two Parties?

No not really. There is quite a lot of taking behind people's backs. There are personal feuds even within a Party. These cliques you find the chairman and the underchairs working together.

How do the press get their stories?

They have some kind of news but nobody knows how they get their stuff. When I made out my mystery declaration I gave a copy to Angus, Readhead and the Gaunters' son of Walker. A week later the Mirror had it printed in their paper.

All of them have a nucleus in their cupboard. Although they might know who made the book they would be afraid to put their finger on him for fear of retaliation. When asked if he was involved he replied:

"Well, Mr. Balson and Mr. Wally were my permanent members and they both worked pretty hard. Balson didn't go to school until he was 18 and he couldn't give a damn for anyone. I would go to him to say he was the only honest member in parliament and one of the most conscientious."

Mr. Mahoney was also very conscientious he would go through the death notices every morning and read out sympathy letters to his relatives. He was next in line for the speakership and had been reading up the little book of rules for three years.

Wally had a bad name among the girls because he was so demanding and always wanted his mail to go out on the same day. He was a Gauntlet member and had never come down to one of the crowds. The Labor Party asked him to write a little article in the newspaper in some edition, obviously he replied that he was sorry. He was too busy last night to give them a story on his flying experiences.

Mr. Hill was terribly popular because he had an infectious attitude. He is in busy looking after his new interests that he can't find time to just sit with the others. Very funny characters!

You got a lot of men coming up. One woman wouldn't speak up except Mr. Wally because he had such a nice face. A chap who had been locked up in no return for 12 years claimed that Mr. Mahoney was picking on him.

One woman rang up saying Mr. Hill's sister needed a million dollars to start the wedding. So I asked "What?" "Mr. Hill—you know, the Speaker?"

While I was there they started building some elaborate literary collections. There was a terrific delay in getting them completed with the workers sweating round having smokers and long latencies. When they were finally completed everyone was so terribly proud that I asked if they were for visiting members only. They weren't allowed.

The first time I met Ms. Maher I imagined that, as the Speaker, he would have a big booming voice. In fact he has something wrong with his voice and it's a bit hard to hear him. More of a croak than a speaker. He is very high on the Catholic Church. He sits at a Mother Superior and he is a former Editor of the Catholic Worker. I'm a Catholic too and my daughter is at the same convent school. I went to see a girl they regard as a saint when she was down.

I went in and she thought we'd be dead. She asked me what "dilettante" meant. I pointed it off telling her she was always asking silly questions at the wrong time. We didn't talk till 10 past me about the case and I still have to answer her. But if you believe you have done the right thing it takes a lot to stop you going ahead and making it to its conclusion.

# **SOFT CORE PORNOGRAPHY**

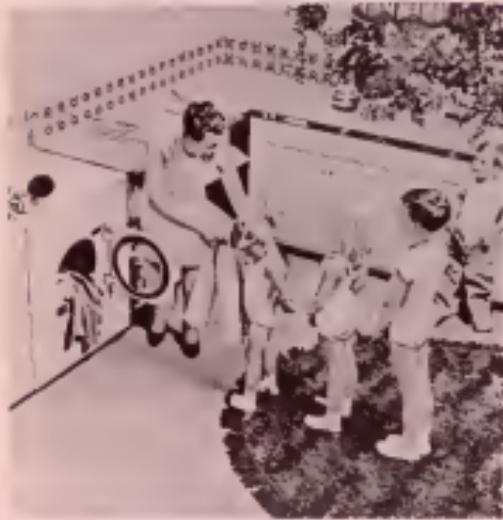


Sex is more than a four-letter word. Pornography is more than a *Playboy* pin-up or a postcard from Port Said. While the prudes have been decoyed by hardcore filth (in some cases disguised as literature), sex has crept in through the front door. Nowadays, obscenity is your mother's fashion magazine. Perversion is an advertisement in tonight's paper.



ALAMAC

Phallic symbolism in the American "Glamour"



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Pedophilia in "McCalls"



# Does she...or doesn't She?



Narcissism plus a phallic pussy  
in the "English "Vanity Fair"



Discover the hang of it

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More phallic s...  
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Masturbation in E...

WHAT'S WET AND WHITE  
AND FRESH ALL OVER?



Nymphet-mania in  
American "Vogue"

What a Hammond Organ  
will teach your child  
besides music

Yesterday now you will have to decide  
whether or not your boy or girl  
will play a musical instrument. It's a  
decision that's easy to leave to music  
to music which way you decide.  
Naturally you're already giving the  
rubber of music a good deal of thought.



Lesbianism in  
the  
American "Glamour"



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**OZ** 16 Hunter St.  
**SYDNEY**

The Sydney Morning Herald,

Robin William Askin

The test and proof of the man comes when Murray Robeson entered into a head-to-head collision with Liberal Party leadership over the question of a joint policy with the Country Party. Askin could have announced aloof instead, he stood with Robeson all the way until Robeson beat the leadership.

The impudent, mail-in advertising for the Winston Churchill Fund was created by the Boerner-Bahrenkamp-McCann-Erickson agency. Below is an authentic script for a television commercial used in the campaign. "C.U." means "close-up" camera shot; "M.S." is "medium shot".

STORY		SOUND	
BANNER BURENDRON - McCANN ERICKSON PTY. LIMITED		FILM	VIDEO TAPE
<b>TV COPY</b>		ANALOGUE	
CLIENT:	Winston Churchill Memorial Fund	FORMAT:	-30 SECS. 16MM
PARTNER:		ART NO.:	23072
TITLE		ASIDE	
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<p>1. ELVIS PRESLEY 2. MR CHURCHILL IN HOUSE OF COMMONS 3. MR CHURCHILL HOLDING CHILDREN 4. MR CHURCHILL WITH WOMAN 5. MR CHURCHILL SPEECHING 6. MEMORIES OF MR CHURCHILL 7. MR ROBESON 8. DRAWINGS OF CHURCHILL FIGHTING IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS 9. MR ROBESON</p> <p>10. THIS AND THAT STRUGGLE FOR EIGHT 11. HE STRUGGLE DON DON 12. HE STRUGGLE DON EIGHT 13. HOW LEFT SIDE ARE STRUGGLE AND POINT 14. HE STRUGGLE IN SOUTH 15. HE STRUGGLE HOME 16. HOW WILL</p> <p>17. MR CHURCHILL (Very soft, quiet) There are two ways to do the Register Day - closeup Mr. CHURCHILL as the world will remember CHURCHILL.</p>			



**DIG THIS**  
the  
**York club**  
presents:  
**JAZZ and BLUES**  
Weds to sun at 8 p.m.  
81 YORK St 2nd Flr.

# BEWARE! The Alfs are Revolting!



We're the "with it" generation. Do something outrageously non-conforming and you'll soon set a trend. All the squares have turned hip. The Alfs have closed the gap. Look at them all packing into Harry Miller's Folk Concerts, dressing at Disposal Stores, grinning at Strine, giggling at Bramston.

Hell, just last week some affluent snobs held a fancy dress "send-up" Anne Day party at Paddington. It was announced in the social pages. Everyone was there from drag-queen war-widows to Simpson's donkey.

Even Charles Lloyd Jones has a dog called OZ. Soon this whole generation will overtake Salvador Dali.

So now the only way to preserve your individuality — to be one step ahead — is to be one step behind.

Maybe if you do something blatantly OLD HAT you'll scare the squares away!



## WHAT TO WEAR

Come on, out with those old galoshes and plastic raincoats. How about a pair of pleased, cuffed, bottle-green Stansons? Convert your suit to a double-breasted, top it all off with a big dab of Brylcreem.

## WHERE TO GO

Go back to Fellowship, the gymnasium, the Tivoli, the Glaciarium. Have your Honeymoon at the Hydro Majestic, Jenolan Caves or Katoomba. If

The STANDARD Vanguard



you're International, go to Niagara. Have your 21st at the Metropole, make a debut, go to a 50/50 dance.

## WHAT TO DO



Marry a virgin, enlist, idolise Martin Royal. Bend the elbow with Clive Churchill, Vic Patrick or Lew Hoad. Bash a Bible, play Ludo or Solitaire, listen to the Amateur Hour, join the Young Liberals. Cultivate plastic flowers, square dance, put your pennies back into circulation and if you're a mum use old fashioned bar soaps. Take the bull by the horns and bring back clichés. Use French Letters. Be photographed in the Mirror "Under 25".

Collect Tommy Dorsey and Victor Silvester records, play them on a wind-up H.M.V. 78 portable. Read Earl Stanley Gardner, Mandrake and Phantoms. Eat Lastingtons, take De Wiss mot liver pills and put a Jerry under your bed. Grow sweet pea, dance the Fox Trot, send a bundle to Britain, take a slow boat to China.

As a last resort, have a baby, become a St. John Ambulance man or die of Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever, Whooping Cough or Consumption.

# EX-EDITOR ATTACKS PRESS — DIRECTOR REPLIES

(With kind permission of "Newspaper News".)

Cigarette manufacturers had pressured newspaper proprietors not to publish material about lung cancer, Mr. Maxwell Newton, former managing editor of "The Australian" told a Canberra audience recently.

Speaking at St. Mark's Memorial Library on censorship and propaganda in the newspaper business, Mr. Newton made some hard-hitting points about newspapers generally which brought a reply to "The Australian" by Mr. Douglas Bras, a director of News Ltd.

Mr. Newton asked the question: "Do advertisers exercise control over editorial policy and content by money?"

"We've had experience of cigarette manufacturers rigging up newspaper pressure and where proprietors not to publish material about lung cancer or not to play up the fact that the British have stopped the TV ad until after 7.30 p.m. and it has been done."

"Like cigarette advertising is the exception. There are very few advertisers who have got the individual power to force an manager that cigarette manufacturers and liquor manufacturers have, as the thought of a big manufacturer leaving on the management of a big metropolitan paper in Australia is even the exception rather than the rule, although it applies a lot in the country, unfortunately."

Starting his address, Mr. Newton said that newspaper proprietors had to find out what sort of paper they wanted to put out.

Most of the newspaper proprietors and managers had decided that what they were interested in putting out was an efficient medium for advertising.

"Accordingly," he said, "the sort of paper which are produced are more or less designed to fit with some items of news put across the advertisements."

"The Melbourne Herald is a shopping guide for executives and Melbourne's and New South Wales will on dogs, women and food. The Sydney evening papers are similar shopping guides."

"An advertising is the main thing in these papers the principal preoccupation of the people in charge of these papers is to keep

their readers happy and not rock the boat. They succeed magnificently in doing this."

"Newspapers are run by businessmen and they must be expected to reflect the ethics and standards of the Australian business community. That is what, if not large, they do."

People forget that editors have very little to do with producing most newspaper in Australia, although there are a few notable exceptions that one can think of."

"The Canberra Times is one, to some extent "The Australian", and to some extent "The Australian Financial Review". The rest of the other papers the editor's character hardly has any effect on what the paper is like."

"Newspaper reflect the standards of the business community."

Accordingly, anything which would hinder making money has a rough time in Australian newspapers, and anything which detracts the sales of the Australian business community does not get into the papers."

Mr. Newton (former editor of "The Australian Financial Review") gave an example of how management control affected the newspaper controlled by "The Sydney Morning Herald" group.

"The general manager and the managing director in that company have control over the editorial policy of the newspapers in that group."

"These managers don't go around giving orders to individual journalists or individual editors. The way it works is The Sydney Morning Herald group is that the editor of "The Sydney Morning Herald" publishes editorials which are then read by all the employees of the company. They define how to handle the editorial policy of their own publications and the next editor knows how to handle the news."

"For example, during the brief period when "The Sydney Morning Herald" was supporting the Labor Party in 1961, the news editor of "The Sydney Morning Herald" knew that he would have great freedom in playing up statements by Arthur Calwell, whereas if he tried to examine that freedom in the same way today he would get into trouble."

"He wouldn't be handed up and told that he had displayed editorial policy."

"He would be told that he had no news judgment — that he was a lousy journalist. Most editors subscribe to the view that it is the last paper and he is entitled to what he wants with it."

"This is the prevailing rationalisation by weak and cowardly newspaper editors in

Australia, and by and large it is the dominant rationalisation."

"Unless editors are prepared to take large individual risks, there is no chance for the journalists working for these being given the chance to share their pains."

Mr. Newton's remark was answered as the April 2 issue of "The Australian" by Mr. Douglas Bras, a director of the parent company of "The Australian", News Ltd.

Mr. Newton names the Melbourne Herald and the Melbourne Star as examples of newspapers which are run by businesses doing only what they are paid for advertising.

The Herald has been run these last 36 years or so not by businessmen, but by journalists, professional men who have been devoted to the status of running out a newspaper of which the community could be proud.

The creator of the Herald is its present head was Sir Keith Murdoch, who believed in newspapers as passionately that right to the end of an acknowledged career which brought him great rewards and distinctions has greater pride was in describing himself as a journalist. He was followed by one of his own sons, Sir John Williams, who lives newspaper just as ardently and who has recently shown himself to be more of a tycoon than a businessman by reviving £500,000 of his company's funds in the Press of Australia News Group.

In the second place, the Herald and its antecedent, the Sydney Telegraph, had succeeded in having a large and distinguished press to have followed the success largely by building a distinguished staff of writers and technicians and by extending their news service round the globe with a most unusually disrupted war zone. They have, in short, built themselves on service to the public.

"We needn't exclude "The Sydney Morning Herald", also criticised by Mr. Newton for its domination by management, from that rough debate. The man who ran it for so long, Mr. R. A. G. Blundstone, was a journalist. He is the present managing director. Mr. Angus McMillan And Grant's office in London, for example, is probably the biggest international bureau in the capital."

"There are many things in the Herald that one could criticise legitimately, not least their editorial and moral agenda of politics. But to base such stories on their possible advantage over others and to ignore their news coverage and unusual qualities of staff independence, is not very plausible in today's competitive world."

Steve off scurvy and rickets...



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reservations & grog orders.



## I PROTEST!

BLOODY pathetic COMMEN Day... a real arsehat.  
I protested against  
 the COMINOS, and my  
 bird PROTESTED  
 against the YANKS...  
 and that got no  
 DRAGGY we both  
 PROTESTED against  
 PROTESTS... but  
 STILL no bloody action!  
 Those BLOODY Johnnies  
 neeley GIVE me  
**THE GRAPPS** y'know  
 they only arrested  
 3 Students WOT  
 ARE THEY TRYING TO  
 DO - DESTROY COMMEN?  
 next year I'll protest against  
 POLICE APATHY.

He declined to say what he considered his main contribution to Australian life.

"You will read that in my obituary," he said.

The Sydney Morning Herald,

# OBITUARY



William Sidney, from Vaucluse Bay, N.S.W., in the afternoon of Thursday, 6th May, at Peckham, London, A.C.T., of heart rupture of the disease. His daughter service.

It was barely three and a half years ago that Australia was first given a chance to know and love Lord De L'Isle. It may be thought that this was too short a time to form in love such a man and mother than it proved to be. But as it is a Governor-General's function to be liked and respected by those he formally rules! Apparently Lord De L'Isle thought fact he saw his role as being more that of a rule-player.

However, when visiting the terrible spots of Australia such as the Old River project, Papua-New Guinea and elsewhere his presence lowered the temperature of debate several degrees. In fact, he was easily noticed almost everywhere.

But his links with politics may be described as close. Lord De L'Isle has always been associated with the more democratic parliamentary assembly in the world. I refer, of course, to the English House of Lords. Most of the time he was engaged by peers for military chores and there are no big barriers such as wealth or status.

Since 1945 the members of the English aristocracy living in Australia's redoubt have greatly diminished. Lord De L'Isle was always careful to dissociate himself from the class—by his wife. His actions were



for themselves. He earned the rabidly bodyguard of English commerce in 1959 at Managing Director of Schweppes (House) Ltd and later assumed many more commercial directorships. It was a banner day to British enterprise when he relinquished all commercial ties to Australia in 1964. Many observers have speculated on his reasons for abandoning such a commanding career and on the effect his decision had on the companies whose fortunes he appeared to direct.

Although thus libelous Governor-General described himself as a "constitutionalist" there are other views. Some have been stated by those men whose animosity he incurred by his franky challenging pronouncements on Australian internal affairs and role in Asia. Regrettably, many of these comments have remained unrecorded and unprinted.

It is difficult to know what his main contributions to Australian life. Certainly not his State Visit messages speeches at all settings, effect on the political climate over his reshaping of the bonds between Commonwealth countries. His arrival was quite "profoundly significant" (as has another poet, Philip Larkin (1914-1986) might have written) and it is not easy to pin out a single major contribution in his term of office. Perhaps it was his departure

D.L.

# JOUS DE VIVE

SENSUAL & EMOTIONAL ★ A SUNBURST OF UNBRIDEDLED PASSIONS

STYLING STRAIGHT FROM HIS MIND ON THE KEY

# JOHN OLSEN

SERIOUS TAPESTRY  
WOVEN ON LOCATION IN SUNNY PERTH

★ ON THE SAME PAGE  
Le Soleil & La Vie  
We are but

THE CLUNE GALLERIES  
NON SHOWING

Maclet St. Kino at the Eye  
Salute to  
Progressive Art  
UNITED SEASONS

NOT SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN  
COMING SOON TO THIS GALLERY

STEPHEN WALKER  
SCULPTURE

## BALLS AT FALLS



### KO-KI ALPINE LODGE

211A George Street, Sydney Tel. 277582/Falls Creek, Victoria Tel. 277

To ski at Ko-Ki need the fits, as he switched off his ski lift T-bar, chair lift, Auskroon Ski School — downhill type slopes — all weather roads — parking at Village Radio-stations of the nation as they hurdle over Compound Fourtree Lodge heading for Red Light Corner — hidden local spots on the ski Movie Trail. Exploring pink marsh pastures the Snow Bands go for a Burton down Run-Me Raceway — then light up a weather topped Station at Harold's Coffee House Falls (opposite) Creek on Albany — per Plaza, Train or Bus Car (loaded with snow) Evening drinks (sing-song), Friendly Family and Coffey Groggy Club. Honeycombs £38 per week / per person / twin single / two-pair

Promotions £8 (all in together) for vitamins, bed & fed the Mountain also boasts powder snow, blinding snowstorms, coloured snows and a variety of slopes to lose yourself or unwanted friends

From Mt Kosciusko paths — temp. steady at 22 degrees — locally brewed Glucose to combat frostbites and emotional fatigue

Are you in a little rut — we'll fix that — become snow bound and be glad to come out after We love the dips — "you God Alpe those who sit themselves there a full (soaps — bath) — sit at Ko-Ki Be miserable and stiff, that's "U" for you.

## SKI FOR RELIEF

PERSONAL BOOKINGS — SYDNEY 277582

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SERVES YOU  
BY MAIL ORDER  
FROM NEW  
ADDRESS

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HONOLULU  
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96815, USA

International  
Division  
P.O. Box 1000

# THE POSTER EVERYONE SHOULD HAVE IN THEIR PAD

I saw it and I wanted it. It's really not an Oscar. This poster was actually produced in 4 columns and displayed throughout army camps in Australia during World War II. When I made this one in 1961, it was covering the wall of headquarters at Old Holsworthy Camp. Even then there

were copies of it still decorating the bar walls with of courage throughout NSW. For all degrees of message and downright reason, I don't think it has ever been surpassed. The meaning of "fifth column" remains as the base completely shades me — there is no way to justify its challenge.

One can only imagine what went on in the meetings of minor bureaucrats as they decided that it should be used. Perhaps it was a long-forgotten poster competition. Who knows?

A. HANKIN  
Bendigo

## THE AWFUL END OF OSCAR, THE ORDERLY



## WHAT ABOUT THIS 5<sup>th</sup>. COLUMN?

# Who reads OZ?

25,000 people will buy this issue. Many more will read it.

Who are you?

What are you?

We're planning to boost the size of OZ. But we'll need more advertising, and advertisers are snappy. They want to know what sort of people are going to read their ads.

Answer these questions and you'll help us bring you a fatter, prettier OZ.

Where do you live?

Sex

Age

Occupation

The number of people who read your OZ.

You don't have to mutilate your OZ, just send us the information in a letter addressed to:

Bob Bruce,

OZ,

16 Hunter Street, Sydney.

P.S. — Let us know what you thought were the best and worst articles in this OZ.

# Clothes to make you weep



What could be more painful than the sight of a double-breasted suit that looks like a hairy suit, wears like blemishes and feels like steel wool? It's worse than losing an English Governor-General or even an election!

At any rate, that's what Ken Morrison thinks. He's first past the post with liberal prices and informal styling in suits that really swing all the way from Right to Left.

And following Taggery's policy of 'a choice, not an echo', he now has a range of pre-selected suits at only \$100 — or about twice as many dollars. He is DJ's, Walton's and Palmer's for all standards of the same price. If you like his electrostatic is just distributing himself over this year — Taggery, star.

No strip being numbered with every square, make it to Taggery.  
Bring Back.

KEN MORRISON'S

Village Toggery

336 new south head road, double bay — 36-4418

**Travel wise pound foolish**

Every year, at about this time, there is the *Ranaval*. Dozens of fresh-faced, jestered, happy, happy happy Australian *shirriff*s stick pockets with money and game leaves, pick up the odd stuffed kangaroo, swap for a stuffed expert of *Pest Sulid*, and cover mat, ready for the joys of an English spring. Then they arrive on Southwicksdown, and need help. Hence it is

Do not arrive in bare feet. The Australian image in England is certainly undesirable, boards, jeans, sweatshirts, and old scrubs are okay, but for some reason the thin red line is drawn at the ankle. Again from anything else, bare feet tend to freeze off, and are hard to carry around unattended. The same applies to other parts of the anatomy.

Do not go to Australia House. No matter how impressive it looks from the outside, consider your dealings with Australian Government departments at home. It's like that only worse. Australia House is there to encourage Englishmen to Australia, and it is hard to present yourself otherwise unshaved and half-shod as you used to think they are permitted. The good thing about Australia House is that it's a free place to get water — but then, so is the National Gallery.

Do not attempt to translate the English. It's no mistake harder than it looks unless you're strangely look around the nose and mouth. The words "Kyah" and "Soop" are all you really need, but they are very difficult. Easier is the Australian orange, be aggressive, and tell prospective employees to get staffed. "Ah, these Australians," they will moan, and invite you out to lunch. Australia always on your side. Then after the beer has been consumed, and you ready get the job. These are Australians in London where entire success can be turned in the way they told their first boss to pass off.

Talk about Australia. In particular, imagine it's you returning to your superiors (After a few months in London, that becomes all too easy) Does it how much room there is, how easy it is for the right man to get ahead, and how easy the women are. Your superiors will sigh, and give you more money. In extreme cases they will even leave, and you can take over. Stick anyone who talks you to get studied. It's dangerous to let others, your Image.

Do not live at Kangaroo Valley Court for "Kangaroo Valley," as it is officially known to the English). This gives you both states and substantially among your English as acquaintances (you haven't any friends) and also wastes your money. If you must live in Kangaroo Valley Court, refer no 8 to West Kengaroovalley.

100. If you want refer to it as Earth Court.

Do not pay your bills. It's one of those things a gentleman doesn't do, and, although you're not a gentleman, there's no reason not to pay. Selfridges is a splendid institution, offering unbiased advice acrosscomes for little indeed may seem. When they get frantic about one-a-year expenses that you are Australian, and they will write you off as a bad omen.

Use an English bank. English banks exist on the坐處 they receive from overdrafts, and are perfectly willing to give you a second overdraft so you can pay off the interest on the first one. When they pick up, go to another bank and open another account.

Take advantage of the Welfare State by being sick a lot! All immigrants in London are always sick, and are given free medical certificates at the drop of five shillings. Go to hospital, get a set of false teeth. Go on the dole, whether working or not. Take two jobs, and be sick half the time from each of them. Never pay income tax.

Remember, you can't leave the inheritance trick no longer applies, and it costs about twice as much to pay back. On an English wage, Foss is at least as fat as Island Island. Write letters to the "Sydney Morning Herald" explaining what excellent opportunities you're getting, and what a pity it was that Australia didn't recognize what a huge thing they had in you. They might even pay you to come back. Take the money, and forget.

back. Take the money and don't. Don't get homesick. Or if you do, take a trip to Earl Court. Or Cornwall, where they go in for the boomerangs. Or in Australia. House Guests to the Berry's a pub which sells Australian beer to Australians and does very nicely, thank you. Or to the Devon Under Club, of a Friday night. Or take a look at the new records getting off the boat train. If you look them, don't leave me here but



SYDNEY: The Rev. Bernard Judd well-known authority on teenage marriage, has told his congregation that the principal cause of teenage spousal brawls in fathers are not at work.

"Statistics show beyond any shadow of doubt," he said, "that the great majority of teenage crime is committed by youths whose fathers go out to work."

The country has responded so heroically and courageously down the road in a dramatic bid to save these youngsters.

"The Revenues are right, and I don't care if I never work again," a father of five told reporters as he waited for a poker machine to become vacant at the Scruffy Systems League Club.

—Gwendoline Howthorn.

FROM A PERSIAN MARKET  
Trading in Persia

In the tracks of Mingo Polo,  
Every sole overlander,  
Carries sacks of Coco-Coco;  
With a skin as dry as leather,  
In the bright brass-monkey weather,  
If you can't find on oasis,  
You'll be riding out of cane.

No wonder Alexander,  
Went on back to the Aegean—  
There's a man every epoch,  
And a treat every ocean  
And lots of cheap petroleum,  
And carpets like linoleum,  
And seven hours of sunshine,  
And a million years of sand.

Though it's cheap enough on paper,  
Just make sure you've got your booking.  
Or you'll spend a bloody fortune,  
In avoiding Pension cooking  
Keep enough for bare essentials,  
Like policemen and officials,  
Who will make you buy their freedom.  
When you want to leave from.

100 САМЫХ БОЛЬШИХ

We like him with his clothes off  
and aches on his dial,  
*Pitoresque* is bloody hell,  
a real ball of style . . .  
It doesn't hurt them to admit  
That he exists, you see,  
Because we've got him nicely tabbed  
As "Bob Corcoran".

Tex, Bob Corradiator's a man  
If ever you're outback,  
Just the thing in Kodachrome.  
A Technicolor black  
Who knows his proper place?  
On a travel-agency ad,  
To get those city people  
Bookin' down like mad.

You can have your concert singers,  
Your Betty Fuketa, too  
—Rep. Saunders and Doug Nichols  
May be all right with you,  
But those who know will tell you  
The abo's rightful place  
Is just a hell-o-murk or so  
Outside the human race.

—BRUCE DAWE

Help me refire to Costa Brava by 1966.

Fred's

3 Jersey Road, Woolloohra  
Telephone 32 4418



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